

The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

NO. 5.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:39 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:33 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

TIME TABLE South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:18 a. m.	5:37 a. m.
6:30 " "	6:30 " "
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:55 " "	5:15 " "
5:10 " "	5:35 " "
5:55 " "	6:14 " "
6:30 " "	7:30 " "
7:30 " "	8:00 " "
8:30 " "	9:00 " "
9:30 " "	10:00 " "
10:30 " "	11:00 " "
11:30 " "	11:58 " "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m.
The last "suburban car," leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

From San Mateo	From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.
WEEK-DAYS	WEEK-DAYS
5:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
8:00 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. every 60 minutes	7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes
SATURDAYS	SATURDAYS
5:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes
12:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 20 minutes	11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes
7:30 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
SUNDAYS	SUNDAYS
First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 12:00 p. m.	First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 11:30 p. m.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 to 10:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.	A. M.	P. M.
From the North	6:45	12:03
" " " "	6:55	12:15
South	12:39	

MAIL CLOSURE.	A. M.	P. M.
North	6:55	12:09
South	6:15	5:24
" "	11:35	

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching, 7:30 p. m.
The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. F. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
C. L. McCracken	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
As. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

ENTRANCE EASY FOR CELESTIALS

Number of Chinese Admitted at Port of San Francisco Has Increased While Deportations Show Decrease

Two Hundred and Ninety-Three Entered in October of This Year Against 198 During the Same Month of 1904.

Washington.—That there is a steady tendency toward more liberal construction of the Chinese exclusion law is shown in the report of the Bureau of Immigration for October. The number of Chinese admitted last month was 293, against 198 in October last year. The number deported last month was sixteen, against forty-six in the same month last year. Last month 200 Chinese were admitted at San Francisco and seven deported, while in October last year 124 were admitted and thirty-four deported through that port.

It is noticeable that very few applications are made for entry under "section 6 certificates," which cover exempt Chinese. If hundreds of high-class Chinese were anxious to come to the United States, but refrained to apply for admission for fear of humiliating treatment, as declared by Chinese officials, it is evident that they have changed their minds. Under the present order of things such Chinese could enter the United States with absolute freedom, yet they fail to present themselves. Officers of the Bureau of Immigration declare that this fact completely exposes the falsity of the allegations made by the Chinese Minister and others that high-class Chinese were badly treated by the immigration inspectors.

Hueter Left Large Estate.

San Jose.—An inventory and appraisal of the estate of the late Gustave Hueter, who was killed by his wife at his Alma home three months ago, has been made by J. C. Crundell, Gus Leon and James W. Findlay and filed with the clerk of the Superior Court. The estate, which is the property of the widow, Mrs. Kate A. Hueter, the administratrix, consists of real property valued at \$122,000 and personal property valued at \$21,240. Mrs. Hueter it will be remembered shot her husband, claiming that while he was insanely jealous of her he was about to end her life.

Condemn's "Lead Kindly Light."

Chicago.—"Lead, Kindly Light," President McKinley's favorite hymn, was declared to be unfit as a song of praise and worship of God by Rev. W. A. Patterson of Princeton, Ind., in an address at the United Presbyterian Psalmody Convention. Rev. Mr. Patterson criticized the song when used as a church hymn in the worship of God and offered as a substitute the forty-third psalm. "The song 'Lead, Kindly Light,' he said, 'may mean anything that any man chooses to make it mean, be he Christian, atheist or Buddhist.'"

Mistaken for Deer and Killed.

Tacoma.—Mistaken for deer, O. A. Curtis of Buckley, one of a party of four hunters, was shot and killed near Buckley by Matt Devine, another member of the same party. The men were in the woods deer hunting. Devine saw something move in the distance and, thinking it was a deer, raised his gun and fired. The supposed deer was Curtis. Devine's aim was only too true, and as a result Curtis lies dead in the woods. He was shot through the body.

Acquitted of His Brother's Murder.

Ventura.—The jury in the case of Frank Mears, charged with the murder of his brother, John Mears, rendered a verdict of not guilty. The jury was out an hour. The case created unusual interest throughout the county. Joseph N. Mears was killed at the Mears ranch, near Santa Paula, on September 7th. Frank Mears admitted the deed, but claimed it was accidental.

Minister Griscom Is Coming Back.

Tokio.—The American Minister, Lloyd C. Griscom, will leave Tokio Sunday next for America. During his absence Huntington Wilson, secretary of the legation, will act as charge d'affaires.

JAPAN SWALLOWS HERMIT KINGDOM

Henceforth All Foreign Affairs of Corea Are to Be Administered by Mikado's Representatives at Tokio

Lively Scenes at Seoul Before Treaty Was Signed.—Protesting Emperor Orders Members of Cabinet Assassinated.

Tokio.—The Japanese press is jubilant over the successful conclusion of the new convention with Corea whereby Japan's suzerainty is formally and firmly established over Corea.

Henceforth all the foreign relations of Corea will be managed at Tokio. Seoul.—The conference of nearly a week between the Japanese envoys, headed by Marquis Ito and the Korean Cabinet, ended Saturday, and was followed the next morning by a nine hours' sitting at the palace with the Emperor.

At the beginning of Saturday's session Baron Hayashi declared his determination not to withdraw until the four demands by Marquis Ito were signed. The suspension was ended several hours later when the Cabinet, with the exception of the Minister of Agriculture and Minister of Foreign Affairs Pakchisun, having yielded, sent for the imperial seals and signed the desired agreement. The four Japanese demands were as follows:

First—The appointment of a Japanese administrator to govern Corea under the Emperor.

Second—The appointment of Japanese administrators at all treaty ports.

Third—The transfer of Korean diplomatic affairs to Tokio.

Fourth—No arrangement to be made with other powers without the consent of Japan.

Three thousand Japanese soldiers maintained a demonstration on the esplanades before the old palace. Japanese troops patrolled the streets. The Emperor's palace was also surrounded by troops, and Japanese soldiers and police were lodged in the grounds of the palace.

Minister Pakchisun continued to hold out with the Emperor against the action of the Japanese.

Minister Pakchisun, in leading the opposition against the signing of the demands of Marquis Ito, adjured the Emperor with the most powerful argument possible to a superstitious benighted sovereign, namely that his consent would affront and outrage all the spirits of his imperial ancestors.

The conference between Baron Hayashi and the Korean Cabinet, which led to an agreement, was held at the Japanese Legation, and was so violent as to attract attention on adjacent streets. It resulted in Pakchisun and the Minister of Agriculture dramatically denouncing the proceedings and withdrawing to the palace, where they secluded themselves with the Emperor.

The Emperor then ordered that the Ministers who consented to the Japanese demands be assassinated. After the signatures and seals were attached the Japanese military paraded through the city.

Baron Hayashi, after securing the consent of the majority of the Cabinet, went from the legation to the palace, where he attempted to convince the Emperor and the two remaining Ministers of the justice of his mission, but failed. He then secured the seals through the other Ministers.

It is reported that substantial sums of money were used for the purpose of satisfying the Ministers who consented to the Japanese demands.

About 30,000 Japanese soldiers, billeted on the people or in barracks, are at the service of the Japanese, but no disturbances are expected.

Rumors of Plot in Cuba.

Havana.—Rumors of anti-Government plots have been renewed, and the names of more or less prominent Radicals are being connected with them. The officials of the Government display no apprehension, but minor precautionary measures have been taken.

Fatal Row Among Japanese.

Folsom.—During a row which occurred between Japanese employees of the Natoma Vineyard weapons were drawn and as a result a Japanese woman was shot and instantly killed and one of the men received a bullet in the neck. The man will die.

NEED MORE MONEY FOR PANAMA CANAL

War Department Will Ask Congress for Sixteen Millions to Continue Operations on Isthmian Waterway

Consulting Engineers Decide in Favor of Sea Level Canal But Advocates of Lock System Will Appeal to President.

Washington.—An estimate of \$16,000,000 for continuing work on the Panama Canal has been sent to the Treasury Department from the War Department, to be sent to Congress.

The estimate of \$16,000,000 is for expenditure up to and including the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907. A part of this money will be necessary at once and an emergency appropriation will be asked as soon as Congress convenes, in order that the work may proceed.

It is stated at the offices of the Commission that unless money is provided as soon as Congress convenes all work must cease. The estimate is made without regard to the proposal to issue bonds.

Advocates of a lock canal have not yet despaired of securing the construction of such a canal, notwithstanding the fact that the consulting engineers have decided in favor of a sea-level canal. It is pointed out that the final decision rests with the President and that the matter of time and expense will be considered by him very carefully. It is also known that the President is anxious to have the work completed at an early date and for that reason he is believed to favor a lock canal. A strong minority report in favor of a lock canal will be made by the five engineers who disagreed with the majority.

It is conceded by the advocates of a sea-level canal that to construct such a waterway will cost much more money and time than to build a lock canal. It is known that in the mind of the President these are vital elements. It is his desire, expressed to some of those who have discussed the subject with him, that the canal should be built as expeditiously as necessary to provide a practicable waterway. He has indicated to some of those to whom he has talked that he favors a lock canal, but he is determined fully that the subject shall be considered thoroughly from all points of view before a final decision is reached.

Important Victory for Organized Labor

Chicago.—The management of the Burlington Railroad, after twenty years of opposition, has recognized the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and has signed the first wage scale with that organization since the great strike of the engineers on the Burlington in 1885. Heretofore all wage schedules have been promulgated over the signatures of the railroad managers, the brotherhood having no option in the matter of acceptance. This time the schedule was signed by the officers and by the members of the general committee of the brotherhood after a three weeks' conference. Several months ago word was sent forth that the engineers employed by the Burlington could openly join the brotherhood if they so desired. Since that time fully 70 per cent of them have become members of the organization.

Severe Gales Along Mexican Coast.

Mexico City.—Severe gales along the Pacific Coast of Mexico have caused great damage to many of the cities and small towns, according to reports received by the meteorological department of the Government. High seas swept inland, destroying property at Manzanillo, Mazatlan San Blas and a number of smaller places. The town of Quelite, in the state of Sinaloa, was flooded and many buildings destroyed. A number of lives were lost.

Big Fire in Iowa Town.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Fire completely wiped out the business portion of the town of Woodburn, Clark county, causing a loss of \$130,000. Every brick building in the town was destroyed.

Calabria Again Visited by Earthquake.

Naples.—Another earthquake occurred in Calabria at Monteleone and Pizzo. It lasted about eight seconds. The population was panic-stricken and many houses were damaged.

SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches From Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

Robert Whitehead, inventor of the torpedo which bears his name, died last week at Shrivensham, Berkshire, England.

Prince Urusoff, former Governor of Tver, Central Russia, has been appointed Assistant Minister of the Interior, in succession to General Treppoff.

The city of Burke, in McDowell county, W. Va., a mining town of 2000 population about fifteen miles from Huntington, has been destroyed by fire.

The Dowager Empress of Russia has postponed her departure for St. Petersburg, the Emperor wishing her to remain in Copenhagen until tranquility is restored.

In two days since the opening of deer hunting season in Wisconsin, five fatal accidents have occurred. There has also been a large number of smaller accidents.

The British steamer Bavaria, bound from Barry for Bordeaux, has been lost off Belle Isle, France. Part of her crew has been landed at Noirmontier, France. The captain and fourteen men are missing.

A band of pillagers drove a herd of cattle into a church in the village of Malinovka, Russia. The peasants, resenting this sacrilege, attacked the pillagers and lynched forty-two of them outside the church.

Lieutenant - Colonel Arthur Tremayne, one of the few remaining survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, in which he was wounded and his horse shot, died at Cornwall, England, aged 78 years.

The London County Council has decided to introduce a bill in Parliament under which the Council will construct a plant to supply all the electric energy for London and the suburbs at a cost estimated at \$40,000,000.

Count John Tolstoi, son of Count Lyof Tolstoi, who resigned the position of the head of the Academy of Fine Arts of St. Petersburg on account of General Treppoff's repressive policy, has been appointed Minister of Education.

At a bowling tournament in Canton, Ohio, L. Frantz of Cleveland, in three games, rolled 738. This is claimed by the association to be the highest individual score ever rolled at a tournament, thereby breaking the world's record.

General Samuel M. Mills, chief of artillery, says that for manning the coast defenses of the United States a force consisting of 1744 officers and 41,833 enlisted men is needed, while the corps has at present only 525 officers and 13,744 men.

"The better class of people in New York cannot afford large families. They have too much to pay in taxes to support the large families of the thoughtless poor." This was the bomb which Mrs. S. M. Cory exploded in the Society for Political Study at New York.

Two hundred and sixty American residents of the Isle of Pines have seceded from Cuban control. They held a meeting, elected their own officers and declared that the island is territory of the United States. They will send a delegate to Washington to inform the Government of their action.

Mrs. Benjamin Geist, suddenly becoming insane, hurled her five-year-old son, Lucas, from a third-story window in Chicago. She then attempted suicide, but was arrested. The child fell into a basket of crockery, which had been placed in the street in front of a store. The child will die.

A joint committee representing the State Food Commissioners, the Consumers' League and the National Federation of Women's Clubs, called upon Secretary Wilson and filed papers petitioning the President to recommend the passage of a law to control the interstate shipment of adulterated and misbranded foods and drugs in his coming message to Congress.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits. July 1 to Feb. 1
Rail. October 1 to Nov. 15
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.
Deer. August 1 to October 1
Trout. April 1 to November 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.
The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover. October 15 to February 15.
Mountain Quail and Grouse. Sept. 1 to Feb. 15.
Doves. July 1 to Feb. 15.
Tree Squirrel. Aug. 1 to Oct. 1.
Male Deer. July 15 to Nov. 1.
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited.
Trout. April 1 to Nov. 1.
Steelhead (in tide water) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16.
Striped Bass. July 1 to Jan. 1.
Salmon. Oct. 16 to Sept. 10.
Lobster or Crawfish. Aug. 15 to April 1.
Shrimp. Sept. 1 to May 1.
Crabs, 6 inches across back. Oct. 31 to Sept. 1.
Turgeon and Female Crab. Prohibited.
Abalone. Less than 15 inches round.

SECRETARY ROOT WILL APPOINT ONLY AMERICANS AS CONSULS

Aliens Will Not Represent United States in Foreign Lands.

Washington.—Not a single foreigner has been appointed to the American consular service abroad since Secretary Root assumed office. He feels that it is his duty to "put none but Americans on guard." Aside from the fact that a foreigner naturally might be expected to take less interest than an American in the development of our trade abroad, it is felt that in time of political stress, where in relations might become strained, no such test should be placed upon the loyalty of the foreign consular agent to his native country as would be imposed by requiring him to do his full duty to the country which merely employs him.

So, although a number of vacancies have occurred in these posts since Secretary Root assumed office, he has held consistently to the policy above laid down, and where it has not been possible to find Americans to fill the vacancies the offices have been allowed to remain vacant. Of course, the vacancies cannot continue indefinitely; but the Secretary hopes that, with the pressure of the business world behind him, Congress will yield to his appeal for more liberal compensation for these small posts so as to enable him to send out American officials.

Want Pipe Lines Made Common Carriers.

San Luis Obispo.—The Chamber of Commerce at its annual meeting adopted a resolution requesting the Board of Supervisors to allow no more franchises for oil-pipe lines to Port Harford unless the companies operating them agree to make them common carriers.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

The age of graft is in process of being succeeded by the age of unearthing graft.

A Chicago girl climbed the Breiterhorn, 13,777 feet above sea level. Big feat? Yes?

Recent revelations indicate that the "beneficiaries" of the life insurance companies are not those named in the policies.

When "Old Subscriber" writes to the Tsing Rao of Peking it means something, the sheet having been started 1,400 years ago.

Mr. Rockefeller says "there is something more in life than money getting." To be sure. There is getting left, for instance.

If there are no women angels, as some of the New York preachers claim, it will be harder than ever to get the men to go to church.

One insurance company has been paying an agent \$35,000 a year to keep quiet. That seems more like a punishment than a reward.

An old man used a "want ad" to get a wife and then he paid \$50,000 to get rid of her. She will testify that "want ads" bring results.

Another infallible cure for consumption has been discovered. These cures have been discovered by everybody except sufferers from consumption.

Hall Cane says he is afraid he can't write a great American novel. Now some mean person will rise and want to know why Hall put in the word American.

Many manufacturers advertise their wares by offering money rewards to any one who will prove that the goods are not as represented. It remains for a German manufacturer to give this kind of guarantee a new turn. He advertises, "Anybody who can prove that my tapioca is damaging to the health will at once receive three packages free."

Forest fires are the cause of many different disasters, some of which are the destruction of timber, game and settlements, and the sudden increase of water supply to rivers, with consequent damage by flood. The wreck of a steamer in the St. Lawrence River, due to the obscuring of smoke from burning forests, is the newest form of destruction chargeable to this scourge.

It seems difficult to draw any moral from the case of the Chicago blacksmith who maintained two matrimonial establishments on wages of \$12.50 per week. If any deduction is possible it is that the blacksmith might have made a success as a high financier if he had not turned his attention to blacksmithing and bigamy. A man who can keep two families going on wages of \$2 per day ought to have some ideas which would prove valuable even to Uncle Russell Sage.

For the first time since the days of the Plantagenets the name of John is borne by an English prince as his chief appellation. The infant son of the Prince of Wales, recently baptized, is named John. The name was one of many given to the third son of the present king, who lived only a day. Beyond the Tweed, at one time, the name is said to have been regarded as unfortunate. Little Prince John has four brothers and a sister. His youngest brother, Edward, familiarly known as "Eddie," is only 11 years old.

A man who has paid money for a trunk dislikes to see it dropped feet out of a car door to a cement platform. It damages the trunk and rattles its contents. The handling of trunks is not a ribbon counter business and after a man has handled 100,000 of them he naturally becomes somewhat callous. But each man's trunk is valuable to him, if not to the baggage man, and there would seem to be no more reason for deliberately breaking up trunks than for killing Chinamen because there are so many of them. This is one reason why a thoughtless person carries dynamite in his baggage and it goes off and blows the top of the station about a million feet into the air that the traveling public reads of the accident with chastened joy.

The average woman seldom hears anything about the appalling cannibalism of the struggle for life and money. From the cradle to the grave she is much in the position of a man who has a fixed and certain income over and beyond that he acquires by his own efforts. The actual battle for supremacy never comes directly home to her. Women are prone to underestimate the terrors of this homicidal strife. They look upon a man in business as a being who achieves large profits from small exertions and entirely escapes the dull, plodding routine of housekeeping and children-rearing that they must face. As a matter of fact, the average man, whether he be a bank president or a day laborer, spends nine-tenths of his time performing drudgery of the most depressing sort. It is a rare moment when he is not compelled to do something that he doesn't want to do. It is a

moment rarer still when he does not find himself in conflict with the aims or ambitions of some other man.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who writes some good things sometimes, has a poem on two kinds of people—those who life and those who lean. She says there are twenty leaneers where there is one lifer. She is right. In every household there is some one who is the main dependence. That one goes ahead with the work, carries the burden and the worry, while the others lean. Usually it is the mother—more's the pity—who does the lifting. In every business it is so. One takes the initiative, does the planning. He seems cut out for his task of leadership and voluntarily assumes it. The others depend on him. It is so much easier to follow than to lead. In the church a very few do the work and make the sacrifices of time and energy. The others lean on the leaders. The same thing is true in State legislatures, in Congress. A very few men do the real work of legislation. The others simply mark time. They lean on the strong spirits. Are you lifting or leaning? There is a lot of work to do in the world—not merely big tasks—common, every-day work. And some do more than their share because so many shirk. There are tired, over-wrought souls who break under the strain because so many lean upon them. Is there some willing man near you who is lifting more than his share of the load? Roll up your sleeves and give him a lift. Is there some tired, worn, nervous woman upon whom—for shame!—you have leaned too long? Turn in and help the overtaxed brave one. Quit leaning. Lift!

The winning pitcher stood in the box, gripping the ball between his cunning fingers. Like a gladiator he looked over the opposing batsmen as they crept up to the plate. For eight innings they had sought to solve the mystery of his delivery and for eight innings he had mowed them down like grass before the sickle. In his ears rang the plaudits of his admirers. It was a close game and an exciting one. The last inning had been reached. With firm faith in their hero the crowds in the stands madly cheered his every move. The first batsman who approached the plate drove the ball far into the field. The pitcher squirmed and sent another ball speeding over the plate. Smash! Away it went sailing to the fence. Two runs came in and the score was tied. The people in the stands sat motionless. Their cheers died away. Victory was slipping from their grasp. The opposing side took courage. Another batsman hit safely. Then the people in the stands fell upon their idol. Fierce yells rent the air. "Take him out," "chase him away," "dub," "lobster," and other ribald salutations were hurled at the man who but a few moments before had won the applause and cries of approval of the thousands who had admired his faultless work. As he went skulking from the grounds his haughty smile disappeared, his shoulders sank in, listlessly his arms hung by his side and the fire of victory faded from his eyes. The sullen despair of defeat gleamed luridly beneath his beaming brows. And how the people jeered—the same people, mind you, who had cheered his name so lustily a few minutes before. Struggling over the heads of his fellows is seen the strong figure in the world of business—in the mighty domain of dollars. As he climbs men speak well of him; they tell what a wizard of finance he is. They swell with pride when he nods to them on the street, in the club. He is listened to as though he were an oracle and wisdom spoke through him. But one day the financial world has a chill—the great financier has fallen with his house of cards. And while he lies groaning in the dust of defeat the same men who were loudest in their praise of him become the leaders in the howling mob that rends and tears at his fallen carcass. Eager hands are always outstretched to grasp the hand of the seeming victor, whether on the play ground or in the marts of trade. The same hands are as eager to hurl a pike or throw a javelin when defeat overtakes their idol. The cheers of the multitude are for those who win all the way—for the man whose entire life spells success. Down below, in the semi-dark, men may struggle just as hard for victory, toil earnestly, unceasingly, through all the long years and just miss the mark. They may never reach the applause of their fellow men; but, also, their very obscurity may be an armor to shield them from the poisoned shafts of envy, malice and the brood of evils that grow rank in the human breast.

Cupping Still Practiced. At rare intervals, and only in the older parts of the city, does one see implements used in "cupping"—a method of relieving severe colds not much in favor nowadays. Yet in an occasional barber shop are displayed the simple contrivances—a brass cube, hollow, and filled with little knives actuated by a spring, and the tumbler-shaped glasses which are applied to the skin after the numerous incisions have been made.

Cupping was formerly a branch of the barber's trade, says the New York Mail and Express, but it has become almost obsolete. Yet for severe congestion of the lungs it affords a quick relief, though it is extremely weakening.

This Language of Ours. "Yes," said the slang specialist, with great earnestness, "that bum baseball team, by crooked playing, has won six straight games."—Baltimore American.

The entertainment a man finds in politics, a woman finds in religion.



President Roosevelt is mapping out a lot of work to occupy the attention of Congress when it next assembles. Questions that are of great moment to the business world and the public in general are to be placed squarely before the legislators for action. The President's attitude on the railway rate question has not been modified since he first directed attention to the manifest evil that has grown up under the insidious system of rebates. Mr. Roosevelt strikes the keynote when he says the highways must be kept open to all on equal terms. The abuses of the private car line and the private terminal track and private side switch system must be stopped, the President says. There is little doubt that the majority of the people echo his sentiments in this regard. If the President has his way, power to revise and regulate rates will be invested in the Interstate Commerce Commission. Another measure of great importance that will be recommended by the President is a bill to prevent bribery and other forms of corruption in Federal elections. State courts have shown in a lamentable number of instances that they are not beyond the baneful influence of ward leaders, and attempts to punish violators of the sanctity of the ballot box have ignominiously failed. The absolute purification of politics probably will ever remain an iridescent dream, but there is little doubt that a Federal statute, asking the trial of offenders against the ballot out of the control of State courts, would be a long step forward in a commendable effort to free the ballot box of fraud. Federal control of insurance is another question that will be discussed in the President's message. The disclosures that are being made in the investigation in New York have aroused a storm of indignant protest from policy holders who demand that their interests shall be protected and safeguarded by Federal control.

The new Anglo-Japanese treaty differs from the earlier treaty in several important particulars. It runs for a period of ten years; it embodies a recognition on the part of Great Britain of the paramount political, military and economic interests of Japan in Korea, and on the part of Japan of the right of Great Britain to take such measures as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions; it applies the principle of "the open door" for the commerce of all nations to Korea; and, most important of all, it pledges each power to come to the assistance of the other in war, not merely when its ally is attacked by two powers, as in the earlier treaty, but when it is involved in any war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests "in the regions of eastern Asia and India."

The folly of maintaining custom houses to serve the interests of politicians is clearly outlined by James R. Reynolds, second assistant of the United States treasury, who says that of the 157 custom ports in our country 111 do not pay expenses. Crisfield, Md., received \$22.70 in customs last year and \$2,700 was paid out for salaries. Beaufort, N. C., took in \$1.55 in revenues and the salaries paid to gather this tiny sum were about \$1,500. All told, these 111 offices, where the receipts fall behind the expenses, cost the government nearly \$300,000 every year.

Surgeon General R. M. O'Reilly of the army has submitted an exhaustive annual report on health conditions to Secretary Taft. The report says that the enlisted strength of the army, as shown upon the monthly sick report, was 58,740, and on the returns of the military secretary 60,129, and calculations are made up on the latter figures. There were 79,586 "admissions to the sick report" during the year, 36 deaths from all causes and 13,777 discharges for disability. The figures, Dr. O'Reilly says, show a steady and progressive improvement in the health of the army.

When the Civil War closed the Union army had an enrollment of a little more than a million. In June of this year the report of the Commissioner of Pensions showed more than six hundred and eighty thousand survivors on the pension rolls. There are probably many veterans who do not appear on the pension rolls, so that the number of survivors is remarkably large. Certainly the sentimental cartoon which the newspapers print each Memorial day of the "thin blue line" and decorated ranks does not represent the facts.

Because of the loss of submarine boats in Europe, the Secretary of the Navy has ordered that no American submarine be allowed to go down unless accompanied by a convoy equipped with hoisting apparatus for use in case of accident. Every mother whose son goes aboard a submarine vessel will be glad that this order has been issued. And when the President went down in the Plunger at Oyster Bay in August, the nation rejoiced that the convoy was at hand.

A CLEVER SCHEME.

How the Japanese Correspondents Sent Their Dispatches.

"There are not many people who can get ahead of a telegraph company," said a correspondent who has just come back to Washington from Portsmouth, according to the Washington Star, "but I suspect that the Japanese correspondents managed it during the peace conference. You know that cable rates to Japan are pretty heavy and there was as much as \$1.25 a word paid on some of the urgent messages, while about 58 cents was the lowest press rate. The correspondents were sending a lot of matter and of course the Japanese messages had to be translated in a way before they could be sent. The Morse code can't cope with the 57,000 ideographs that the Jap language is made up of, so the Jap correspondents used to write the messages phonetically in English characters and send their messages in that way. They were read off and transferred to Japanese type in Tokyo. Of course, the telegraph company could not read them, and as the limit in size for a cable word is fifteen letters, the Japs used to divide their messages up regularly into English letters in blocks of fifteen. No word was ever longer or shorter than fifteen letters, and the cable company had to take it that way and stand for it.

The chief operator used to kick and complain occasionally, but he could not go back of the explanation that each of the fifteen-letter groups was a Japanese word spelled phonetically. But he swore Japanese was the most queerly regular language he ever saw. Of course the cable bills were pretty high at that.

"But the cable company probably made less out of the Japanese than they did out of any of the other correspondents. The Russian alphabet is made up of non-English letters, but it can be sent in Morse, and there are some operators who could do it, though the most of the Russian messages were written either in French or English."

"It is a wonder to me," said a State Department clerk, who was listening to the story, "that the Japs did not use their code book. At least there is one in China, and I suppose there is one in Japan. You know the Chinese characters cannot be cabled any more than can the Japanese, but they get over that difficulty by having in every Chinese telegraph office a simple code, in which the message is written with numerals. Each page of the code book is divided into fifty-eight squares, numbered in sequence, and in each square is a Chinese word, the common words coming among the lower numbers. When the telegram is written the sender simply puts down the number of the square in place of the word it contains, and the message is decoded in the same way at the other end. There are 9,999 words, and that is enough for the average vocabulary of the man who wants to send a telegram. I do not know whether this method would have been cheaper than the fifteen-letter scheme of the correspondents, but it is possible if they had used code the company would have cut them down to five figures for each word, as that is the limit on code messages."

Free Stamps Eagerly Sought.

During the winter of 1890 a sheet of the ordinary one-cent stamps with the word "Guam" printed across the face slipped through with "Guam" upside down, says the Kansas City Star. Those stamps were printed for the use of the island, and collectors have searched far and near for them. Only a few have been secured by the collectors, and they bring stiff prices. The people of Guam know little about the value set on such freaks by the stamp collectors.

Back in the '70s, when the government used its own distinctive set of stamps for the several departments, an error was made by the banknote company which then held the contract for making the stamps. The regular color adopted by the Navy Department was blue. A sheet of the two-cent denomination was printed in green, and the freak has now a market value of about \$45 each. The genuine, in blue, is worth twenty times its face value.

One collector was fortunate enough to corner the market by getting possession of a sheet of four-cent stamps of the Columbian series which was printed by mistake in steel blue, when its right color should have been ultramarine blue. He got it at its face value, and when he wants to dispose of one he can readily get \$35.

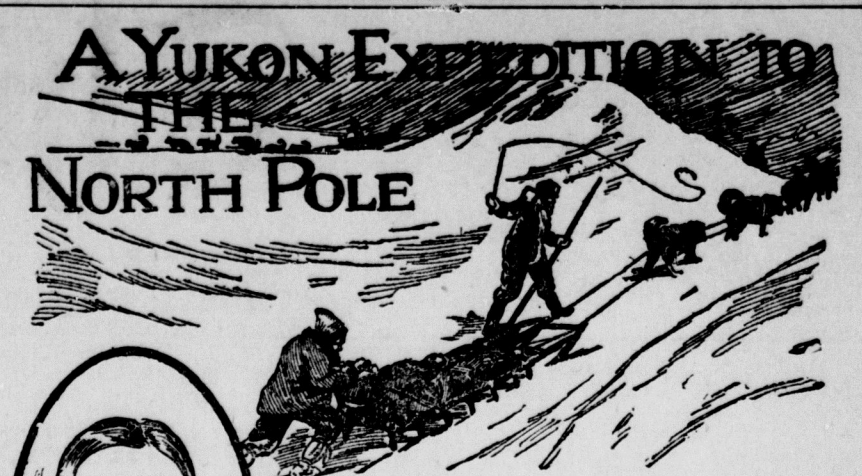
There are a number of other valuable freak stamps, but the errors of the bureau of engraving and printing have been remarkably few, considering the immense number of sheets of stamps turned out every year. Each sheet after being printed passes through a dozen or more hands before it is ready for the stock vault, and inspectors and counters are always on the lookout for errors in printing.

Korean Methodist Church.

Not long ago eighty Koreans shipped on one vessel for Hawaii, of whom it was found that thirty-one were Methodists. A Methodist church was organized on shipboard, which had fifty members when they landed. After reaching Hawaii they sent back to Korea for a pastor. There are now 600 Koreans in Hawaii, of whom 300 are members of the Methodist Episcopal church.

The more henpecked a man is the more ferocious he tries to act when he is away from home.

A girl admires the tone of a bachelor's voice when there is ring in it.



Imbued with the idea that the conquest of the North Pole can only be accomplished by explorers who have become acclimated to the rigors of the Arctic winter and who have had long practice with the management of dog sledges, a party of hardy ones in Dawson City, the metropolis of the Yukon district, have given an appreciative ear to the project of Dr. Antony Varile, a Frenchman at present a resident of Dawson, who is said to be an inventor and an ardent student of polar research.

His plans as described to a meeting of citizens of Dawson recently, do not lack novelty, and it is reported that General Greely, who has been in the Arctic himself on a memorable expedition, has declared the scheme is well founded. Certainly, he admitted the correctness of the judgment of the French explorer in deciding to make a trial trip, as it were, in the Yukon district the coming winter, where the stage is set very like the setting in the neighborhood of the Pole, and the experimenters will be within reach of civilization.

The real start, as reported, is to be made in June, next year, so that Commander Peary need not fear keen competition as he nears his goal, for he will have had almost a year's start. An international society for polar research and experiment was recently formed at Dawson. It is the object of this organization, said to number 200 members, to assist in the development of the theory of Dr. Varile. It is the contention of the new North Pole seekers that the expeditions of all former polar explorers or Pole seekers have been conducted on anything but lines that would be approved by the northern travelers of experience. Yukoners found many weak points in the methods of travel, equipment and composition of nearly every polar expedition of the past.

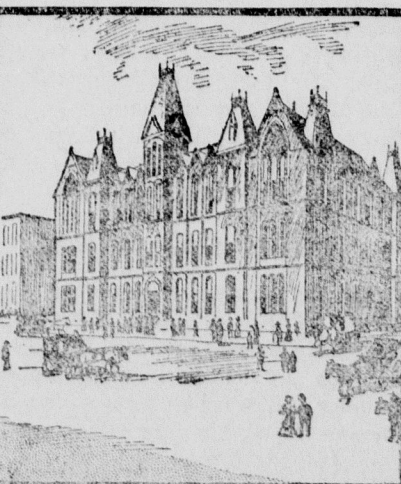
THE NEW ZEALAND WAY.

Life Insurance as It Is Conducted in the Antipodean Islands.

In faraway New Zealand the government conducts a life insurance department which not only offers its policies at a low premium, but has the security of the State behind it as its guarantee to investors. By open competition with individual concerns it prevents any ordinary combination from keeping up excessive rates, and there are no high salaried officials to absorb the annual receipts.

It is an ideal theory. In America an insurance of \$5,000, which may cost a person who has arrived at middle age \$200 annually, in New Zealand may be obtained for one-third that expense. In America legislative inquiry has already thrown so much light upon the complex and devious management of the insurance business that a distrust of the whole system has become general. In New Zealand the entire responsibility is borne by the colonial government. There can never be any failure until the country becomes bankrupt. The first illustration is that of the government life insurance building at Wellington, while the second shows the postoffice in the same city.

Governmental life insurance is by no means the only New Zealand institution from which America might take pattern profitably. One of the fairest and most logical remedial measures ever tried in the colony and one which has proved its usefulness from the very moment of its adoption is the workman's "compensation for accident" act. The principle upon which the measure was instituted was based on the assumption that it is neither by the wish nor by the conduct of either employer or employee that accidents happen, but that in spite of that fact a steady percentage of accidents occurs. They are thus incidental to production, and the business which yields the profit should bear this part of the expense of producing. Therefore a sum must



GOVERNMENT INSURANCE BUILDING.

be paid to every injured worker and, if the accident proves fatal, to his family. The only exception to this rule is when it can be established to the satisfaction of the court of arbitration, which adjudicates these cases, that the employee was injured wilfully. By the act there is a maximum of \$2,000 payable, but the form of the compensation is usually that of half pay for a definite time and the payment of a lump sum if the injury is permanent.

Of course a corresponding effort had to be made to minimize the loss to the employer. To meet the necessity the government life insurance department was empowered to include accident insurance, thus compelling any combination of existing insurance companies of a similar kind to keep the tariffs down to reasonable premium value. The advantage to artisans and laborers from a governmental benefit of this nature can hardly be computed. It practically relieves them from the burden of accident insurance and compels a provision for their possible disability which they are almost certain to neglect if left to their own initiative. It has worked admirably in New Zealand, and there is no reason why it should be less effective elsewhere.

Still another measure of relief until recently pronounced utopian has been tried by the New Zealand life insurance department and found practicable—the old age pension act. Older countries, from which millions flow like water for trade wars or to exploit some sentiment of nationality, have declined to provide nourishment for

those who are no longer profitable for money producing purposes, but New Zealand decided to try the experiment, and it has entailed no hardship on any class, but has given relief to many. The scheme of compulsory old age insurance has been tried in Germany with far less success. Specious as that theory appears, it has been found in practice to be only another system of making the poor keep the poor.

Although one may not be able to accept the theories by which the reforms in New Zealand have been brought about he must grant that the people of this faraway country have shown such remarkable progress in self government that all intelligent Americans cannot fail to learn much from the up to date methods which prevail there.

POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

Antitoxin Against Fatigue. Should the development of the study of toxins and antitoxins render possible the production of an antibody capable of neutralizing the results of muscular fatigue, the consequences could hardly be predicted, says the Medical Record. Yet a German investigator seriously claims to have taken more than one step in this direction already and publishes results that are at least surprising.

Weichardt (Muncheener Medizinische Wochenschrift, Nov. 29, 1904) says he has obtained a stable antitoxin, which, when taken by the mouth in moderate doses, permits the output of an increased amount of muscular energy without fatigue, and when taken continuously causes a sense of general bien etre and augments the capacity for work. He commends his preparation to clinicians as a promising analeptic for convalescents, neurasthenics, etc. This fatigue antitoxin is obtained from horses by injecting them with fatigue toxin produced in the muscles of animals that have been subjected to extreme muscular exhaustion.

A Safe Wager. "I see that a member of the Newport colony makes this naive excuse when threatened with an interview: 'My lawyer will not allow me to talk for publication any more.'"

"Well, I'll bet it wasn't a woman that said that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Current and the Corn. "They are sending electricity through buried wires in order to stimulate the growth of vegetables." "I wonder if the current is strong enough to shock the corn?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How worthless we all are; yet how well we get along!



The Dirty-Faced Boy.
When Willie Green came in from play at 6 o'clock one Saturday,
He had a dirty face.
His mother said: "Come here to me;
'Tis time I washed you up for tea,
And fixed your hair in place."

Then Willie Green began to scowl,
And Willie Green began to growl.
Said he, in whining tone:
"You always want to wash my face,
Or fix my hair back in its place—
Wish you'd let me alone."

And so his mother told him there,
That she would not arrange his hair.
Nor wash his face again.
Until he asked to have it done.
He thought the plan a happy one
And stopped complaining then.

Three days went by and Willie Green
A thorough scrubbing had not seen,
Nor had he combed his hair;
He thought it pleasant for a while
But soon he saw the people smile
And turn their heads to stare.

His father's friends said, every one,
"You surely can't be Judge Green's son
With such a dirty face;
The rats have nested in your hair,
And yet you do not seem to care—
You must be in disgrace."

The other boys upon the street
All cried, "Oh, isn't Willie sweet;
He's all so neat and clean!"
And little girls exclaimed, "Oh, my!
Let's hurry up and pass him by,
That's dirty Willie Green."

By Wednesday night, to Willie came
An overwhelming sense of shame,
He sought his mother then
And humbly said to her: "If you
Will comb my hair and wash me, too,
I'll not complain again."
—W. A. Frisbie.

Besieged by Lions.
From Mount Darwin, in Rhodesia, South Africa, comes this complaint by a settler under date of July 1: "I did not think it anything very extraordinary when I was camped on the Riva, near the Portuguese boundary, with 100 boys, that a lion should come out one night and carry off one of them and that three other lions should make several attempts to get into the camp. There, of course, was no civilization, but here in Darwin, with our white population and buildings, it is astonishing how daring the lions are. On the 26th of last month a lion came into the camp and took one of four boys. The others gave the alarm, and though the black watch fired several shots the lion did not drop the body. Two nights afterward they came again, but contented themselves by carrying a bag of mealies about twenty-five yards and pulling over some others. The same night they took a pointer dog from Darwin's store. At Warberton's store one lion put his paw through the window and tore down the mosquito netting over the bed.
"On the night of 23d ult. five of the police watched at Warberton's store and had a goat tied to a heavy ladder for bait. Shots were fired at a lioness that came in sight. She, however, turned and ran a short distance, then, facing round, saw the goat and with a lightning bound landed on it. Two shots were then fired at her, but without effect, it being too dark to take aim. The lioness seized the goat and dragged it about 200 yards. She returned about two hours afterward and must have seen Trooper Wilson's eyes watching her, for she came madly at the hut where he was. He, however, got in a lucky shot, for she fell, giving terrific roars. She then cleared, roaring all the time and tearing up the ground in her fury as she went.
"Lions also raided Mr. Bourke's wagon and donkeys, tearing down the buck sail, but doing no further damage. The lion trouble is becoming a very serious one here, but we hope to be more successful in killing them with the trap guns which we are setting."

Butterflies for Go'd.
Butterfly collectors are seldom able to estimate with any confidence the value of their collections, since the prices for specimens so constantly vary. A case in point is that of the blue butterfly of Brazil, specimens of which were originally sold for from \$50 to \$75. Not long ago some collectors who supplied the London market ran into a perfect swarm of these butterflies and shipped to England such quantities that better specimens than the original insects are sold for \$1 each. It not infrequently happens that two or three specimens of a certain family are discovered by collectors, who, encouraged by the high prices received for their finds, are tempted to prosecute their search for this particular variety without results for several years. Suddenly they or some other collector finds the insects grown plentiful, and the cherished varieties of the cabinet become among the commonest specimens.

The Dream Fairy.
As I lay quiet in my bed
Do I just think while I'm asleep?
Or does a fairy creep,
So soft and still, up to my ear,
And whisper dreams for me to hear?
I dream the very nicest things!
I dream my tricycle has wings;
I dream my doll can laugh and talk;
I dream my woolly lamb can walk.
How do the dreams get in my head?

A Disgraced Mascot.
The mascot of a British infantry regiment, a monkey, has been dishon-

orably discharged from the service for absence without leave and for theft committed in neighboring poultry yards. He is now serving a life sentence in the Manchester Zoological Gardens.

Keeps Late Hours.
A bee that works only at night is found in the jungles of India. It is an unusually large insect. The combs are often six feet long and from four to six inches thick.

A CHINESE AWAKENING.
If "Yellow Peril" Ever Comes It Will Be in Commercial Form.

There are signs of an interesting awakening in one of the most remote and conservative quarters of the far East and of a movement which will have a world-wide influence in the peaceful channels of trade. Japan's spectacular "awakening," which Russia has only come to appreciate to the full within the last year, and which has inspired some of the Czar's European neighbors and sympathizers to conjure up a "yellow peril," has been chiefly along political lines, says the Philadelphia Ledger. In this direction China has shown little disposition to move and there are profound students of the Chinese character and history who are convinced that there is no likelihood of a national rebirth analogous to that which has made Japan the marvel of the modern world. China has shown many signs, however, of a keen recognition of the importance of her growing commerce and in many ways has seconded the efforts of her merchants, who, whether of their own motion or under foreign stimulus, are by no means lacking in enterprise; so that if the future has for the world a "yellow peril" indeed, it is far more likely to be commercial and industrial than military.

All this may be remote, but China is learning the ways of the western world, and the present condition of the tea trade may serve as an example of what is going on. Next to silk tea is, of course, China's chief product and ranks next in the table of her foreign exports; but the Chinese tea trade is not in the most promising state. Indian planters have been using most un-Asiatic methods, such as advertising on a magnificent scale and the payment of bounties, etc., and hence have made serious inroads in the Chinese export trade, almost monopolizing the black-tea market and seriously threatening China's supremacy in her strongest field, that of the finer grades of green tea. The Chinese tea guilds have begun to see the necessity for action not only in the way of advertising and in modern methods of marketing the crop but in improvements in the product itself and in economies in transportation and management. China only needs awakening to the peril of Indian competition to protect herself, for there is expert evidence to the effect that China can produce a far better tea than the Indian article at the same or less expense.

EGGS ARE A PERFECT FOOD.
Contain All Elements Necessary for Nourishment of Body.

Almost everybody eats eggs. There is perhaps no article of diet that is more commonly eaten in all countries than eggs. Hens' eggs are used more than any other kind, although some people eat duck eggs, goose eggs and the eggs of guinea fowl. Turkeys eggs are not so often eaten; they are generally kept for hatching.

Eggs are said to be a perfect food, the same as milk—that is, containing all the food elements necessary for the growth and maintenance of the young chick, just as milk does for the young animal. While it is true of course, says Medical Talk, that the egg does contain all the elements necessary for the young chick, yet it would not follow that these elements are in the right proportion for the sole nourishment of an adult person. That eggs are a splendid food is not to be questioned, but that eggs alone would furnish sufficient diet for a grown person is hardly probable.

Eggs consist of protene and fat, water and mineral matter. It is the protene or nitrogenous matter that builds up and repairs the tissues of the body, while the fat supplies energy. The white of an egg is often said to be pure albumen, but it also contains phosphoric acid and sodium chloride or common salt. The yolk contains the fatty part of the egg, phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium and iron. Eggs also contain sulphur, and this probably accounts for the dark stain left by eggs on silver, the sulphur coming in contact with the silver forming silver sulphide.

Eggs are very easily digested. Raw eggs are more quickly digested than cooked eggs. Soft boiled eggs, roasted eggs and poached eggs are more easily digested than fried or hard-boiled eggs. The stomach will digest a raw egg in from one and a half to two hours. Soft boiled and roasted eggs require from two and a half to three hours, while hard boiled or fried eggs must be allowed from three and a half to four hours for digestion.

Eggs furnish a good substitute for meat, and we believe it would be far better for the average person if eggs were more frequently used in place of meat. Especially do they make a light, nutritious dish for breakfast, instead of the usual bacon or ham or sausage.

No Infants Allowed.
The London county council announces that hereafter school managers may exclude from board schools children under 5 years old.

ANOTHER "FISH STORY."

Havens and Norton had been renewing their youth by a morning's fishing off the pier, says the Chicago News. They hooked a long string of perch, and walked homeward with them through the shady streets. Norton talked of the morning's sport with enthusiasm, and expatiated on the value of perch as pan-fish.

"Yes," responded Havens, "I like them cooked in batter, don't you?"
"I like them most any way," replied Norton.

"I say, Norton, you take the whole string home. You'll enjoy having a good, big mess."

"Oh, no, you take them. I guess you like them as much as I do."

"Well, the truth is, if I take them home I'll have to clean them."

"I can't say I'm hankering for the job myself," laughed Norton.

Just as he spoke, a young woman appeared at the door of a house they were passing.

"What a fine lot of fish!" she exclaimed. "You've had great luck."

"Yes, indeed, Mrs. Jasper," answered Havens, holding up the string with pride. "And they're all for you," he added, with a sudden inspiration.

"It's very good of you, but I really oughtn't to accept them."

"Oh, you must take them," insisted Havens.

"But, really, I don't feel that I—"

"Now not another word," interrupted Norton. "I'll carry them round to the kitchen," and he quickly deposited the string on the side porch.

At 8 o'clock that evening, when Havens answered his telephone, a pleasant voice said:

"Is that you, Mr. Havens? Mr. Brown and I are wondering if you and Mrs. Havens wouldn't like some nice fish for breakfast?"

"Has Mr. Brown been fishing?" asked Havens.

"No, the fish were given us, and Herbert is too tired to clean them," replied Mrs. Brown, in a somewhat embarrassed tone. "John Stuart gave them to us. He said Mrs. Jasper sent them to his aunt early this afternoon, so they must be quite fresh. They are perch—splendid perch. Don't you think you would like them?"

"It is very kind of you to think of us, but I believe our breakfast is already planned. Why don't you send them to Norton and his mother? They might be a treat to them."

"Thank you for the suggestion. I did so hate to see them wasted! Good night!"

Havens laughed so heartily as he hung up the receiver that his wife called out to know what the joke was.

"Just a new fish story," he answered.

Liquid that Defies Time.

The Hungarian chemist Brunn says he has discovered a liquid chemical compound which renders certain kinds of matter proof against the effects of time. He asserts that it doubles the density of nearly every kind of stone and renders it waterproof. It imparts to all metals qualities which defy oxygen and rust. It is also a germicide of hitherto unequalled powers. The professor says that while traveling in Greece some twenty-five years ago he noticed that the mortar in stones and ruins which were known to be over 2,000 years old, was as hard, fresh and tenacious as if it had been made only a year. He secured a piece of the mortar and has been working on it ever since until now, when, he says, he has discovered the secret.

The compound is a yellow liquid, which the professor has christened zorene. He describes the following experiments: A piece of ordinary and easily breakable slag after immersion in zorene defied the full blow of a hammer. There was the same effect on ordinary bricks and a block of red jarrah wood. All three were then immersed in water for a long time. When taken out and weighed with delicate scales the presence of a single particle of added moisture could not be detected. Two pieces of steel submitted to an ammonia test equal to five years' exposure to the air emerged from the bath as they entered it.

An ordinary table knife which had lain open five months did not show the slightest stain. Professor Brunn asserts that he will be able to make roads dust, germ and waterproof, thus giving a commercial value to hundreds of millions of tons of slag which is now useless in the mining and smelting districts. His discovery will at the very least, he says, double the life of metals exposed to the air, such as in bridges, railroads, vessels and tanks.

Unsympathetic.

"Please listen, madam," begged the hobo, "to the sad story of an unfortunate man. Seven years ago I was wrecked on a desert island in the Pacific. My mates were all drowned, but I was washed ashore."

"And you haven't been washed since—I see," said the lady, flippantly.

With a hopeless sigh he turned away.—Cleveland Leader.

A Bad Risk.

"My new theater," boasted the manager, "is absolutely fireproof. Stage, walls, seats, even the curtain—all made of steel."

"You have overlooked one thing," objected the insurance man. "I attended the show last night and I observed that your actors are undeniably wooden. It's a big risk."—Cleveland Leader.

One consolation: a baldheaded man does not have to worry about his hair being combed.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

Eating from Habit

A PROLIFIC cause of chronic indigestion is eating from habit, and simply because it is meal-time and others are eating. To eat when not hungry is to eat without relish, and food taken without relish is worse than wasted. Without relish the salivary glands do not act, the gastric fluids are not freely secreted, and the best of foods will not be digested. Many perfectly harmless dishes are severely condemned for no other reason than that they were eaten perfunctorily and without relish and due insatiation. Hunger makes the plainest foods enjoyable. It causes vigorous secretion and outpouring of all the digestive fluids—the sources of ptyalin, pepsin, trypsin, etc., without a plentiful supply of which no food can be perfectly digested. Wait for an appetite if it takes a week. Fasting is one of the saving graces. It has a spiritual significance only through its great physical and physiological importance. If breakfast is a bore or lunch a matter of indifference, cut one or both of them out. Wait for distinct and unmistakable hunger, and then eat slowly. If you do this, you need ask few questions as to the propriety and digestibility of what you eat, and it need not be predigested!—The Hygienic Gazette.

Have Fun at Home.

DON'T be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets, and your hearts, lest a heavy laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a house is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and fire-side of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—Chicago Journal.

How to Check the Divorce Evil.

THE Governor of Pennsylvania, Hon. Samuel Pennypacker, in an interview, spoke in strong terms of the divorce evil and emphasized the necessity for uniform law. All thoughtful persons who realize that the ease with which divorces are obtained is a menace to State and family will approve Governor Pennypacker's statements. If no reform can be instituted, however, until there are uniform divorce laws in the United States, it will be a long time before the evil is checked. If all the churches would take up the matter and emphasize the sacredness

of marriage, a public sentiment might be created which would compel uniformity in divorce laws of the several States. It is in this way alone that the reform can be effected. If the millions who are afflicted with the various religious denominations cannot make their influence felt in divorce legislation—or if they are not sufficiently interested to exert their influence—the case is almost hopeless. It is true some of the churches have already taken up the matter and there is co-operation between some denominations, but the movement has not yet assumed sufficient proportions to make a distinct impression either upon the great body of church-going people or upon non-church-goers. Governor Pennypacker should appeal to the religious elements in the country to correct the divorce evil.—Baltimore Sun.

Insurance and Politics.

THE one account which the ordinary business man fears, that which it is his duty to look out for, is his annual bill of insurance. As a rule, this charge is to most people about as much as they can afford to pay. The man who insures his life does not do it for his own benefit. This is, of course, a self-evident proposition. He insures it for his wife, for his child, or for some member of his family. Obviously, he cannot do this for himself. Men must invest money for their own individual profit; but the man who insures his life does it as a rule with the perfect knowledge of the fact that he will never profit by it, but that his wife or child will.

Now comes the head of an insurance company in the United States making it clear that the money so invested has not been used for the benefit of the people for whom it should be. It has been used at times to help political parties. It has been used more than once to enrich men connected with the organization. It has, in fact, been the system of some of the insurance companies to take away from the men who are saving their pennies in order to insure the future of their wives and children, and to use these funds for the profits of the individuals and for the advantage of political parties, and to do so that a few men may become rich, influential and politically powerful.—Chicago Examiner.

Value of Hard Work.

ALL the records of history and all the facts of common experience support the statement that men do not die of hard work, but that hard working men who shun dissipation and avoid all waste of vitality live the longest. It was said of William Pitt that he died of old age in his forty-seventh year, worn out, not by hard work, though he worked hard, but by inattention to his health and by unphilosophic worry and chagrin. President Roosevelt, to-day in his forty-seventh year, displays the exuberant energy of youth, not because he leads an easy life, but because, while working harder probably than any other officer of the government, he pays, as he has always paid, close attention to his health and avoids the means of weakness and debility.—Boston Globe.

HER THIRD BLUNDER.

Aunt Abigail had returned from a visit to the Lewis and Clark Exposition, at Portland, and was full of her experiences. She had enjoyed the wonderful sights in the exhibition buildings, and had had her full share of the lighter amusements, but one thing had worried and annoyed her.

"There's no use trying to keep up with the procession these days," she said. "When I went to the world's fair at Chicago I looked at all the great buildings, and then I asked one of the Columbian guards—I guess that's what they call 'em—where the side-shows were."

"I presume you mean the Midway, ma'am," he said, and he showed me where it was.

"Then, when I went to the big fair at St. Louis last year I took in the main show, and after that I asked one of the Jefferson guards if he'd kindly direct me to the Midway."

"We haven't any Midway here," he said, "but I'll show you where the Pike is."

"I didn't say anything, but you can imagine how I felt when he grinned and told me where to go."

"Well, when we went to Portland I was bound I wouldn't be caught that way again, and after I'd looked all round I asked one of the young men in uniform where the Pike was."

"We haven't any Pike here, ma'am," he said, "but I'll show you where the Trail is."—Youth's Companion.

JEWELLED BIRD OF INDIA.

Hindus Call It "Uma" and Believe that It Carries Royal Power.

While British troops and the recollection of British prowess are potent factors in the subjugation of India, it is a strange fact—and one not generally known—that Hindu fatalism and a jeweled bird have much to do with holding the millions of the Hindus.

The bird is one of the treasured treasures of Windsor Castle, and there are many legends woven about it. The Hindus call it "Uma," and they say that whoever owns the Uma must reign over India. It is supposed to have the gift of locomotion, and it alights, they say, upon the head of whomsoever it endows with royal power.

The truth is that the bird was taken from the canopy above the throne of Tipoo Sahib and presented by the directors of the East India Company to George III. It is about twelve inches long and is shaped like a pigeon, with an exaggerated tail. Rubies, brilliants, emeralds and pearls are sown about the quivering feathers of silt-green golden work; it holds a priceless ruby in its beak and an emerald of



A GAME FOR WOMEN.
Basket-ball was invented by Mr. Hart, of Columbia. The ball is bigger and lighter than an ordinary football, and the game is played in spells of about three minutes' duration. The players are divided into two teams, each team consisting of from five to eleven players, whose object it is to knock the ball into the basket-net which represents their opponents' goal. In addition to the two net-goals, there is a third net, erected on one side of the playground. A ball in either of the net-goals counts two points to the scoring side; a ball in the neutral net counts one. The three net-bearing poles form a triangle. The umpire is placed on the center line.—London Illustrated News.

great size and luster hangs from its breast.

The bird shares with the Koh-i-Noor the superstitious regard of the Hindus. The fact that both the Uma and the great diamonds are owned by King Edward makes it almost a matter of course for the native princes to acknowledge him as their liege lord. It may be a bitter and bewildering thing, this rule of an alien from the West, but the powers above have willed it so, and pious souls must bow in

submission to the fiat of fate. While the Uma folds its wings in the castle by the Thames, and while the Koh-i-Noor blazes in the English crown, there is nothing else to do but to be as good subjects of the Emperor Edward as may be.—New York American.

When a dog walks up to a crowd of people, you hear these expressions: "Anything but a dog!" "I am fond of dogs." People do not agree on anything.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1905.

The big life insurance companies are rotten. The deeper they dig the dirtier the mess disclosed by the investigation being made. Stock gambling with insurance capital, contributions to campaign funds, bush money to prevent disclosure of damaging secrets, and colossal commissions to members of the insurance ring are some of the disgraceful facts already disclosed. They say Lawson is loosed, but he sounded the first alarm on life insurance and after events have more than confirmed his warning.

Booming the sale of real estate is at present the fashion on this peninsula. Many people are wondering why we are not following the fashion here in South San Francisco. The answer is, that those who control this market have wisely decided that booming is bad and that we shall have none of it here. Booming prices are artificial, they go up like a rocket to come down like a stick. The real estate market here is perfectly sound and healthy. There is considerable activity, but in almost every instance the sale of a lot means a new building. This is better by far than boom sales, balloon prices and a fictitious advance to a point beyond the reach of the men who want land for homes.

THE ANTI-COURSING PARK ORDINANCE.

The Board of Supervisors has, by a unanimous vote, passed an ordinance prohibiting every form of gambling in connection with the racing of dogs. The ordinance is said to prohibit pool gambling on dogs and the renting of premises for pool selling purposes. Coursing has been carried on at Union Coursing Park in this county for many years. Its patrons have been for the most part San Francisco sports. The betting has been confined to wagers made on the grounds and on the days of the races. Peace officers have invariably been in attendance and the crowds at the coursing contests have been as orderly as such crowds ever are anywhere.

So much for a fair statement of coursing park side of the question. A fair statement of the other side is, first, the objection made by many to the sport itself, upon the ground that the killing of the helpless hares by dogs is a cruel and degrading exhibition, and second, that the gambling necessarily connected with the sport is demoralizing.

If the Board of Supervisors propose to stamp out every form of the gambling evil in this county, to the utmost extent of their power so to do, we feel confident their action will be heartily approved by a large majority of the people of San Mateo county. It is but reasonable to assume that our county lawmakers will not stop with the suppression of coursing, the least offensive and the least injurious of all the forms of public gambling prevalent in this county. The prize-fight and its attendant gambling will doubtless come next.

Then, proceeding in the order of eradicating the mildest evil first and the most malignant last, our county lawmakers will suppress, squelch and utterly wipe out the numberless slot machines which rob the people of this county of thousands of dollars annually, to enrich the bloated owners of these bunko game devices, and which spread the gambling contagion to every nook and corner of the county. Make a clean sweep, gentlemen, while you are about it.

The November number of "For California," published by the California Promotion Committee, is devoted to the forest and lumbering industry of the State of California, and is one of the best numbers issued by the Committee. United States Forester Gifford Pinchot, than whom there is no greater authority on the timber interests of the country, contributes an article on the objects of forest reserves, and shows the great good that is done to the State by the United States Government by means of the National Forest Reserves. Following in the same line is an article by E. T. Allen, State Forester, who talks of the combination of interests of private owners and the State. Clarence E. Edwards has an article on the pine industry of the State and George O. Braham tells of the use of eucalyptus as a hardwood. The pioneer lumberman, E. C. Williams, gives an interesting article on redwood and J. F. Nash tells of scientific lumbering in contradistinction to the old style of cutting the forests.

HITTING THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

"If a man wants to play a good game of poker, bet on a horse race or a boxing match, the chances are even; but to permit outsiders to bring these slot machines, against which it is impossible to succeed, into this county to gather and carry from it the nickels that properly belong at home, possibly to help care for the family, is wrong and upon it I unhesitatingly set my disapproval."—Judge George H. Buck to the Grand Jury of San Mateo County.

THE DRUIDS

Golden Eagle Grove, No. 173
South San Francisco.

An interesting installation ceremony took place Friday evening, the 17th inst., conducted by District Deputy Imwaller of San Francisco, assisted by Past Supreme Arch C. A. Guglielmoni and others. The Grove was nicely decorated for the occasion. The visitors expressed the pleasure it gave them to visit this growing branch of the order. District Deputy Savage of Colma gave one of his characteristic speeches, while the advantages of the order were eloquently set forth by all. The officers for the ensuing term are:

Noble Arch, Harry Edwards; Vice Noble Arch, Leo Pfefferle; Conductor, R. Yerrin; Cor. Secretary, J. J. Kelly; Financial Secretary, L. J. Jasser; Treasurer, Geo. Wallace; Inside Guard, J. McCreary; Outside Guard, M. Hayden; Past Arch, J. J. Sullivan.

REDMANSHIP.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, of South San Francisco, was well represented at Native Sons' Hall, San Francisco, Monday evening last. The meeting was called to welcome the highest and Chief of the order, J. W. Cherry, and Wilson Brooks, Great Chief of Redmen. These men are the bones and sinews of the order and are pioneers in fraternal work. The first cherry we ever saw 6 feet 2 inches in height, weighing 260 pounds, but a man for all that. He brought words of cheer to California. In eloquent language he described the 14,000 miles of travel made by himself and colleague, showing that the Western slope was in many respects way ahead of the Eastern States, and expressed gratification; that California with its 15,000 Red Men would soon become the banner State of the Union. H. E.

THE MISSION.

The service at Butchers' Hall Sunday evening last was well attended. The number of young people present attests the fact that the services conducted by the pastor are interesting and attractive. The scripture read was the first chapter in the Epistle by Peter. The sermon was based on lessons drawn from the same, contrasting the frailty of everything earthly, to the stability of thy word. Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word, saith God, shall not pass away. Then human changeableness and God's unchangeableness; the lack of harmony between the will of man and God's will; how little things may change the current of our lives; how a false thread may be woven into the warp and woof of experience, destroying the symmetry and plan of the Creator; but, notwithstanding the depth to which man fell, Christ came from heaven to earth, that we might go from earth to heaven; and in Christ all fullness dwells; he is the fountain of light and love, and the peace which he giveth is the portion of his children. And when the darkness gathers around us and the way seems lonely, then it is our privilege to ask the Father to take our hand and through the gloom to lead safely home his child, said the speaker. May the anchor of hope be cast within the veil. Though now we see as through a glass darkly, but then face to face we shall behold our deliverer, and seeing him love him, and in love possess him. H. E.

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Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.
R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

THE WINDS.

When sluggish lags my pulse, I plead
The rigorous North will rouse and blow.
Clearing the far horizon's blur,
Starting the run-chant of the fir,
And bringing for mine earnest need
The bracing tonic of the snow.
When I incline to dreams, and faint,
With half-shut lids, would lounge and see
The boughs swing languorously above
To low, thrush-litanies of love,
And ripples goldenly the grain,
The South for me, the South for me!

When melancholy suits my mood,
I long to list, 'mid lapsing leaves,
The misty East discourse of pain
In its thin minor, and the rain,
With ancient sorrowing imbued,
Make plaintive patter round the eaves.
And when the pilgrim zest is strong
For brackened pathways mounting high
Along the hill slopes to the crest,
Then would I have the ardent West
Fling me his buoyant welcome song,
Toss me his old ecstatic cry.

So with the veering winds that sweep
The empyrean I am one;
Feeling close kinship unto each,
Soul-sympathies of spirit-speech,
Blow they or shrill, or low, or deep,
Across the face of God's white sun!
—Youth's Companion.

THE POSTMARK.

WELL? Which is it to be, lass? Fred or Frank?
"It's Fred!"
"I'm glad of it, lass!" said old Adamson heartily. "Mind ye, I've nothing against Frank. I daresay he's all right; but of the two I'd sooner trust my daughter's happiness with the young 'un."
And so it was settled. Fred Saunders had won the bonniest lass in Timberport.
The cousins were men of a different stamp. Such a disappointment would have been better met by Fred.
Mr. John Saunders, of Brighborough, described himself as a "patent agent." He would have been more correctly described as a thorough-paced rascal. John, for a purpose of his own, had kept in touch with his nephews in Timberport.
He well knew they were rivals for the hand of Eva, and, within a few



THE POSTMARK PROVES IT.

days of the event he knew that Fred had been accepted by the ex-diver's daughter.

He wrote the lucky man a congratulatory letter, and he added something else in the shape of a postscript, which read as follows:

"I hear that Adamson has invented something sensational in the way of wreck raising appliances. I have made him an offer which he has refused. Perhaps you are in the old diver's confidence. If so I will give £100 for a peep at a true copy of the plans. You will, of course, burn this letter."

For "the credit of the family," as he put it, Fred did burn the letter, but not before he had tossed it indignantly over the table to his cousin, who shared his lodgings.

Mr. John Saunders was somewhat thick-skinned. All the same his ears tingled as he read the unfattering epistle which reached him next morning from his nephew Fred.

"So! so!" he muttered. "I'm the unhappy uncle of a virtuous nephew, it seems. Destroyed my letter, has he. Ah! he went on, picking up another letter and opening it; "what have we here?"

This second letter was also from Timberport, and its contents seemed to please "the unhappy uncle of a virtuous nephew" much better than did the previous epistle.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed softly, and there was a very unpleasant light in his eyes. "Fred for virtue, Frank for brains! An ax of his own to grind, has he?"

Mr. John Saunders committed Fred's letter to the flames. The envelope he kept, unlocking a drawer and carefully placing it among his private papers.

II.

One morning, about a week later, Mr. Adamson found among his letters an envelope bearing the Brighborough postmark.

Tearing this open, he saw enclosed another one addressed to Mr. John Saunders, Patent Agent, Mill street, Brighborough.

With this was the following explanatory note:

"Mr. Adamson: Dear Sir—Some little time ago I made you an offer for the invention on which you have wasted so much time. You refused to meet me. Since then an obliging friend has submitted to me a copy of your plans. The scheme is utterly unworkable, my dear Adamson, and I return the plans

to their rightful owner. Thus you lose little—and I gain less—by the treachery of a friend. Yours truly,

"JOHN SAUNDERS."

Mr. Adamson was a passionate man, and the blood rushed to his head as he stared at the address on the returned envelope. It was unmistakably the handwriting of Fred Saunders.

When Fred Saunders, boisterously happy and blissfully unconscious of the coming storm, entered the little workshop as usual after tea, the old man's pent-up fury found vent in a torrent of abuse.

"You!" he roared, rising to his feet, and glaring at the astounded young fellow. "How dare you come here, you viper? You treacherous hound!"

"Mr. Adamson—"

"Go! Leave me!" commanded the furious old fellow. "Know first, though, that your treachery has gained you nothing. You were in too big a hurry. The plans you stole and submitted to your rascally uncle were an old set and absolutely of no use to him. He has returned them. See!"

"But I have stolen no plans—"

"I want none of your explanations," thundered old Adamson. "I've heard enough. Now, go! I've heard me? Go!"—and in his blind fury the old fellow picked up a heavy hammer from the bench—"Go! or by heaven I'll brain you!"

III.

"You are unjust, dad!"
"Unjust!" retorted old Adamson. "Unjust! Aye! maybe I am, or Fred Saunders would be in jail!"

And he brought down his huge fist on the envelope on the table—that fatal envelope which threatened to destroy the happiness of two young lives.

Eva picked up the insignificant looking scrap of paper and stared moodily at it.

"Aye, look at it!" muttered her father. "Can you call me unjust and look at that?"

"Yes, dad! I can! I can!" suddenly cried Eva, excitedly springing to her feet. "You are unjust; and, oh, dad! I can prove it! Fred Saunders didn't steal your plans—"

"But the envelope?"

"The envelope proves it!" cried Eva triumphantly. "Look at it, dad! The postmark! The date! Don't you remember leaving this very set of plans lying open on your desk? All this was on the Sunday morning, the 3d of July. Now, don't you see? This envelope was sent away—the postmark proves it—on the 2d. Early the next morning—the postmark again!—it was in Brighborough. At that moment the plans were lying on your desk! They couldn't very well be in the Brighborough at the same time, could they, dad?"

Old Adamson sank back in his chair and was silent for some minutes. When he did speak the words meant much to Eva.

"Fetch Fred!" he said hoarsely. While Eva was absent her father put on his "considering cap," and by the time the reunited lovers entered the room he had arrived at a pretty accurate solution of the mystery.

"Eva has convinced me that I have treated you unjustly, Fred," said Mr. Adamson, extending a hand, which was heartily shaken. "Now, one question: How did this envelope come into your uncle's possession?"

"Oh!" laughed Fred, "when I sent it off it contained something exceptionally warm. A fitting reply to a letter in which my precious uncle offered me £100 for a peep at your plans."

"And this letter of your uncle's? Did you show it to anyone?"

"Only to Frank."

"Only to Frank?" echoed old Adamson, bitterly. "And at the risk of making a fool of myself a second time, I'll have a shot at guessing what Frank did. He knew you were writing that 'something exceptionally warm,' and he knew that 'something' would put your uncle in a fit mood to fall in with a plot of his own. He wrote accepting the offer himself, and subsequently stole the plans. These, when duly copied, were placed in the envelope of your letter and returned to me. This your artful cousin imagined, would effectually part Eva and you. And, by Jove! but for Eva's partiality for reading plots in postmarks, it would have succeeded."

"Fortunately, however, it just failed. All the same, I shall have 'something exceptionally warm' to say to Master Frank when I see him."

Mr. Adamson, however, never did see him again. Frank Saunders got wind of the failure of his plot and of what was in store for him, and left Timberport forever.—Indianapolis Sun.

When the Vigo Was Famous.

Vigo, the Spanish seaport, is an old time scene of war. It was to Vigo that Drake and Norris sailed in 1588 to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. They burned Vigo, but failed to capture Lisbon and went away cursing each other. So little plunder was there that the common sailors received but 5 shillings a man in wages and took to robbery, for which many of them were hanged in and near London. When the English under Rooke put into Vigo harbor again there was treasure in sight. A fleet of Spanish galleons, of which Benbow had been in pursuit, was in the bay, protected by a French fleet. Several galleons were captured by the English, but more went to the bottom and there remain to this day. Nowadays Vigo is a commonplace little town.

Perhaps a man is sometimes dubbed a "bad egg" because it is disagreeable to have him strike you when he is broke.

Few men are blacker than they are painted or whiter than they are white-washed.

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Thanksgiving



Along about Thanksgiving time, when all the leaves are down, and all the fruit's been picked and all the hills are turnin' brown, there's somethin' in the air that seems to stir your blood a bit. That makes you glad you're in the world and that you're part of it. The song the wind goes singin' in the ever-green's whistlin' strong and free, it's nothin' but a crime to not get out and stir, along about Thanksgiving time.

There's somethin' wonderful about the ice so thin and white across the narrow little rut that dried up in the night. It's crisp, fresh air, I mean—You'd almost think it blew through sleeves somewhere to make it clean. Oh, when it's whistlin' strong and free, it's nothin' but a crime to not get out and stir, along about Thanksgiving time.

It's almost like a miracle to see the first snow fly. To watch the million little chunks come dartin' from the sky. To hear them bounce against the panes, to watch the wild things, tamed, go tumblin' down to melt as though they kind of felt ashamed, and when darkness comes and lets the wind go murmurin', it's like the sweet old lullabies our mothers used to sing.

Along about Thanksgiving time there's somethin' in the air that seems to make you brisk and strong, that kind of crispness you hear; you feel all ready for the storms you know you'll have to meet. You're not afraid of anything that's walkin' round on feet. And lookin' at it any way, the old earth's quite sublime. Although it's bare and brown along about Thanksgiving time. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

EDIE'S MISSION.

"Susie, to-morrow's Thanksgiving." Lower over her sewing drooped the golden head, and a tear trembled on her eyelash as she answered:

"Yes, darling."

"Aren't we going to have Thanksgiving?" continued the child, "a little bit of a Thanksgiving, Susie? How mean Uncle Ralph is to let you work so when—"

"Hush, Edie! you must not talk thus. Uncle Ralph is very kind in letting us have this cottage rent free, otherwise my needle would not support us."

But little Edie could not help thinking of the great grim man upon the hill, and his poor relation. She thought so long and so intently about it that at last a daring resolution entered her curly head.

"I'll go and see him and tell him all about it, so I will! I'm not afraid of him if he is big and grim and cross."

And without pausing to consider the doubtful undertaking, away she went in the direction of the stately mansion dark and gloomy which was the home of the misanthropic uncle, who from being one of the pleasantest of young fellows, in bygone days, had changed thus sadly.

Rumor said for two reasons—because his betrothed, beautiful Nellie Clyde, had deserted him for her German music teacher, and because his petted, idolized young sister had fallen in love with a poor clerk and married him.

"I will never forgive you, never," he had said to her, sternly, "not because your husband is poor, but because he is shiftless."

And she had gone, proudly, with brave trust in her young husband—alas, but to find her brother's words prophetic. The knowledge broke her heart, and she died, and was soon followed by her drunken husband, leaving their two daughters in bitter poverty.

Edie rang the bell of the great house with such violence that it brought the footman in great haste to the door.

"I have come to see my Uncle Ralph," she said, breathlessly. "I suppose he's in his study? Oh, you needn't show me the way; I know it," and she coolly ran by him up the polished stairway—for had not her mother told her of every nook and cranny in the old home?

At the far end of a gloomy room a fire glowed sleepily, and a gray-haired man sat in an armchair motionless before Edie. Edie crouched in the doorway.

As she neared him she perceived that his face was very sad and weary looking. Some look upon his face made her think of her dead mother, and, almost before she knew it, she had flung both her chubby arms about his neck and kissed his cheek.

To say that Ralph Morley was surprised but weakly expresses it; he was thunderstruck, and gazed down in the dimpled little face in mute amazement.

"Edie, little Edie!" he cried; "is it little Edie, a child again, and come back to me?"

"Yes," said the child, clinging about his neck; "I was mamma's little Edie, and I will be yours if you will let me."

Then he comprehended. It was not his own little sister, but it was her child; it was her gentle, loving spirit speaking to him through her. And his hard heart became tender, as he folded the child to his breast and bowed his head upon the soft, fair curls and wept.

Susie wearily wending her way homeward, pondering how best to expend the small change which she dared spare for a Thanksgiving dinner, was overtaken by Karl Schilling, her own true love.

"Oh, Susie!" he cried, breathlessly, "what do you think has happened? Look! here is an invitation to Bleak Hall, from my employer, requesting the presence of my mother and myself at his Thanksgiving dinner to-morrow. What is the world coming to?"

"I'm sure I don't know," smiled Susie. "Uncle Ralph is no doubt beginning to appreciate you, Karl."

"But he was that cross this morning, he resembled an icicle more than anything else. There must be some mistake."

"No," said Susie, gravely; "it is a very kind invitation, and you must accept it."

"Oh, certainly; but how very surprising. What will mother say? Our paths divide here, Susie, so, for the present I will say good-night."

His mother surprised! If she was, she betrayed it only by a sudden paleness, then a slight color, and placing her bowed head in her hands she sobbed softly.

"By forgiving my former cruelty and loving me a little, and wearing the pretty things your maid has selected. It will please me to have you wear them."

And when Susie entered the parlor in her lovely trailing blue satin, Edie sprang from her uncle's arms with a little cry of rapture.

"Oh! how beautiful you are, Susie!"

The sound of carriage wheels he diverted her attention. "It is Karl!" she cried, running to the window.

Yes, it was Karl, and the surprise he felt upon meeting his betrothed, robed like a princess, in her uncle's parlor, increased when he presented his pale, lovely mother to his employer.

"My mother, Mr. Morley," he began, then paused, for a glance at his employer's white, agitated face; and his mother's downcast and softly-flushed, told him they had met before.

"Nellie! Nellie Clyde!"

"Yes," she answered, softly. "Nellie Clyde Schilling, a widow, old and poor, to whom you sent an invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner."

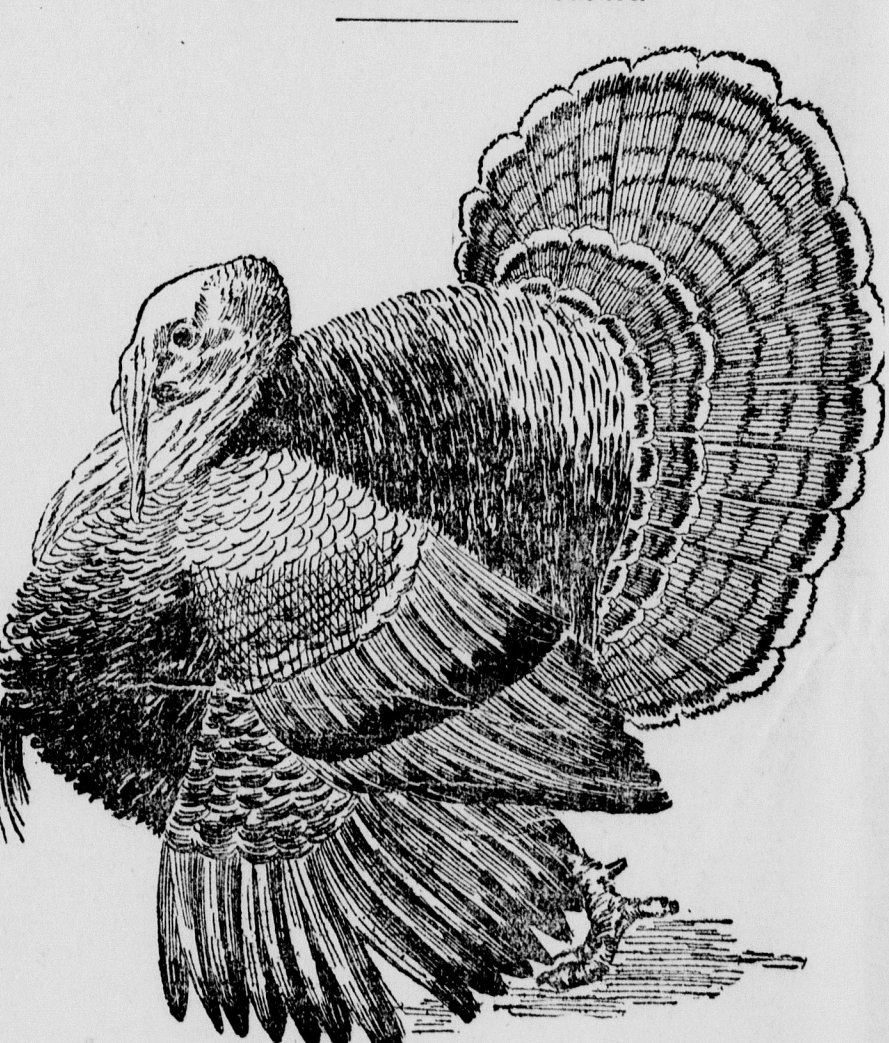
"Nellie!" he repeated, eagerly, "you would not have come to mock me in my solitude and loneliness, unless—unless the past was to be forgotten! Shall it not be as it was, twenty years ago?"

"I did not suppose you would feel thus, at this late day," she said, in confusion. "I only thought we might be friends once more."

"And so we will," he cried, "the very best friends the world has ever known. Oh, what a Thanksgiving you brought me, little Edie!"—The Hearthstone.

The Thanksgiving Day Spirit.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith. And that applies to the Thanks-



The gobbler grows retund, And so we shout "Hooray!" And hurl our hat On high therat.

And rump and fisk and play, And sigh, by sudden rapture stunn'd: "Alack, a well-a-day!" While thus we flip-flap o'er the sand And gaily skip.

Jo's saraband. We watch him spread his tail As on he proudly struts, And see him puff and

And crisp and stuff'd With bread and sage and nuts, Till we would on the fork impale His choicest juicy cuts—

While fancy's breeze Fills us a-sigh With argoties Of golden pie.

Oh, bird of rare renown

That makes the eagle look To all intents Like seven cents, You're greater when the cook, Who knows just how to do you brown, And knows it like a book, Makes you in glee

A roasted dream— A symphonie Of bliss supreme! Full soon o'er you, blithe fowl, The knife and fork will clash; And first we'll hold You hot, then cold, And later in that hash

Which whisks the whiskers off the scowl Of sorrow like a flash; While hand in hand We sigh and swoon In fairy-land Beneath the moon.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Sunday Magazine.

Susie, hastening homeward, beheld a pair of superb horses and an elegant carriage at their humble door, and Edie, with bright, eager face, came bounding to meet her.

"Oh, Susie! I've been to see Uncle Ralph, and oh! he loves me, he does truly, and you, too, and—and you're to come with me in the carriage, you know, to his house; he said so, and—he sent me after you."

"Are you mad, Edie?" exclaimed the incredulous elder sister.

"No, no; get in, right away—do get in," commanded the excited child, and as one in a dream Susie Green allowed herself to be assisted into the carriage.

"I went to see Uncle Ralph, and I kissed him, and he kissed me, and called me 'his little Edie,' and—and I told him all about our hard times, and about that pain in your side, and about Karl and his invalid mother, how you loved each other, and—all. Uncle Ralph said we were to live in his home after this, and he would take care of us."

"It is a fairy dream, Edie."

"No it isn't either; it's true; and there is Uncle Ralph on the steps awaiting us."

It was no dream. Susie realized it forcibly when the grave, stern man came quickly forward and took her gently in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and in a husky voice bade her "welcome home."

Such a dinner as was ordered! Such light, and warmth, and beauty, as filled the mansion throughout! Edie was in ecstasies and danced hither and thither like a stray sunbeam. Her lovely new dress and dainty slippers burdened her none; she enjoyed them among the other good things that had befallen them. But Susie protested feebly.

"Indeed, Uncle Ralph, you are more than kind, more than generous; how can I ever repay you?"

giving dinner as well as to any other feast. No costly or skillfully prepared viands can make up for the lack of that genial affection and sympathy which we all understand through sympathy, but which is so difficult to describe. While you cannot extemporize this sentiment, you can avoid doing the things that prevent it from having free play. There is a season for everything; and the season for those truthful remarks or justifiable actions that might provoke resentment and ill feeling is not on such a day as Thanksgiving. It is remarkable how much the coldness, indifference or failure to enter into the spirit of an occasion may do to spoil its whole atmosphere and to make the feast a dismal failure. Whatever else you are on these high festivals at home, do not be a "kill joy." Do not suffer your pride or vanity, or even your desire to lead others to adopt courses that you regard as best for them, make you indifferent or unsympathetic to the mood of the hour. There are many occasions and Thanksgiving day is one of them, when our highest duty is not to impose our consciences upon other people, but to contribute to the common stock of happiness and sympathy.—The Watchman.

Somewhat of a Dampener.

Mrs. Jimpson—Just see what mother has sent us—a lovely big turkey for our Thanksgiving dinner! It came by express this morning.

Jimpson (joyfully)—Bless her heart! That's just like her!

Mrs. Jimpson—And she sent a note saying she would be here to help us eat it.

Jimpson (not quite so joyfully)—The dickens! That's just like her, too!—New York Times.

ON THE WAY.

Never mind how dim the way— It is leading to the day; Weariest winter dreams of May Forever!

Not in vain the songs we sing— Crosses cold to which we cling; Sweeter rest each cross shall bring Forever!

—Atanta Constitution.

A DOCTOR'S DREAM.

SEVERAL years ago I resided in a wild, mountainous and rather lonely region of Virginia. There was a railroad but a few rods in front of my door and a station and considerable village about a mile to the west. The nearest station to the east was about ten miles distant. I moved to the place with my young wife late in the autumn, and about the first of the following March I was attacked with typhoid fever and was ill for about a month. But thanks to a naturally strong constitution, and the careful nursing of a loving and intelligent wife, I slowly recovered.

As soon as I got strong enough to sit up and walk a little I told my wife she had better take the cars and go and visit her brother, who lived about fifty miles east of us. She had been taking care of me so faithfully through my illness both by day and night, that I feared her health and strength would fail her if she did not rest a while. I knew she had been very anxious to go, and I felt sure that her brother and his family would be very glad to see her, and would try to make her visit a pleasant one.

She hesitated about leaving me, fearing I might need her care; but after waiting a few days, and seeing that I continued to gain my health and strength, she decided to follow my advice. Accordingly, one pleasant morning about the middle of April, after doing everything she could for my comfort and bidding me to be careful about taking cold or walking too far,

recreation, and was therefore entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it had appeared in my dream.

Immediately after starting I passed through the wood I had seen in my dream, and then entered the open field and found the two farmhouses, one inhabited and the other deserted. In fact, everything was as natural as if I had really been this way before. I walked slowly, and late in the afternoon I came to the stream, which flowed rapidly and seemed much swollen. But the bridge, instead of being broken down and mingled with the broken cars and mangled passengers, was still standing, and though its timber looked quite old and weather-beaten, there seemed to be little danger of its breaking down beneath the weight of a passing train.

There was a heavy freight train due from the west about 6 o'clock, and I resolved to wait until at least it came, and if it passed over in safety there could be, I thought, but little danger of accident to the lighter passenger train.

In due time it came thundering along and passed safely over the bridge. But, though it might have been owing to my excited imagination, it seemed to me that the bridge bent and shook beneath the weight of the train in a manner highly suggestive of danger. At all events, I resolved to wait a while longer and see if the stream, which was still rising, would have any apparent effect upon the bridge. I took with me a lantern and also a thick blanket to protect me from the damp night air.

Shortly after sunset, as I was sitting a few rods from the stream, I heard a loud splash, and hurrying to the bridge I saw that a portion of the bank on the opposite side had broken away, and also that the action of the water, or some other cause, had weakened the foundations of the bridge in such a manner that a portion of the line was bent and lowered enough to make it impossible for a train to cross. I immediately crossed the bridge, resolved to stop the train, if possible, before it reached the bridge and certain destruction.

I went on in the direction from which the train was to come, and soon found a good place which commanded a view of the line for a considerable distance. I lit my lantern, wrapped my blanket closely around me, and sat down to my wearisome watch of two hours. The night was clear, but not very dark, though no moon was shining. I suffered nothing from cold, as I was remarkably warm, even for the climate of Virginia, and I succeeded in keeping awake, though the task was a difficult one.

Slowly the moments passed by, but at last I saw by my watch that the time had nearly expired, and a few moments would decide the fate of the train and its human freight. Soon I saw a light, far away and very small at first, but rapidly growing larger and brighter. I arose, trembling with excitement, and commenced swinging the lantern above my head, and as the train drew near I doubled my exertion and shouted as loud as I could.

Onward came the train at a rapid speed. It was a time of terrible suspense to me. Should the engineer fail to see my signal, or not see it in time to stop the train before going a few rods past me, I knew that no human power could save it. On it came, and, just as I gave up my exertions and stepped from the line, my frantic signals were observed.

she started, intending to be gone a fortnight.

One night I exercised a little beyond my strength, and felt quite tired at night and lay awake for a long time. At last I fell into an uneasy slumber and dreamed a very curious and startling dream. I seemed to have gone forward into the future a couple of days, and instead of Wednesday, the 24th, it seemed to be Friday, the 26th. It seemed in my dream that a heavy rain had been falling most of the day and all the day before, but the evening was so clear and pleasant and not very dark, though the moon was not shining.

I seemed to be walking along the railroad toward the east. I first passed through a wood about half a mile wide; then for about a mile through fields containing a couple of farmhouses, one inhabited and the other deserted. I then entered another wood, and, after walking about a mile and a half, I came to a stream greatly swollen by the rain, which had weakened the railroad bridge so much that the passenger train, in attempting to cross, had broken it down, and the bridge and cars, completely wrecked, were lying on both sides of the stream, except portions that were floating down. Some of the passengers lay dead or dying among the ruins, some were floating in the water, and a few were clinging to trees and bushes on the bank. It was a fearful and heartrending sight.

The next day, early in the morning, it commenced raining, and continued to rain through the day and following night. I felt very lonely and uneasy all day, which feeling was increased by receiving a letter from my wife saying that she intended to come home on Friday night by the express train. I retired late, feeling much worried on account of my fearful dream. And to add to this fear, presentiment, or whatever you may call it, the dream was repeated, and even more distinct and vivid than the first time.

When I arose in the morning the rain was still falling. This was Friday, and therefore was the day on which my wife was to start for home. There were two passenger trains from the east each day, one at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and the other at 9 in the evening. This last was the express train, and the one on which my wife was coming.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the rain ceased falling and the clouds slowly cleared away. The dream had made such an impression on my mind that I resolved to attempt to find the stream I had seen so plainly in my dreams, and if it appeared at all dangerous to attempt to stop the train before reaching it. Accordingly, soon after the rain was over I got ready and started. I had never before had occasion to visit the station in this di-

rection, and was therefore entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it had appeared in my dream.

Immediately after starting I passed through the wood I had seen in my dream, and then entered the open field and found the two farmhouses, one inhabited and the other deserted. In fact, everything was as natural as if I had really been this way before. I walked slowly, and late in the afternoon I came to the stream, which flowed rapidly and seemed much swollen. But the bridge, instead of being broken down and mingled with the broken cars and mangled passengers, was still standing, and though its timber looked quite old and weather-beaten, there seemed to be little danger of its breaking down beneath the weight of a passing train.

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Even the brunette insists upon having fair treatment.

SAFEGUARDING THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.



The Sultan of Morocco, like the Sultan of Turkey, takes no chances at being poisoned and every dish that reaches the royal table is previously tasted by a functionary attached to the palace at Fez. As this functionary would be risking his own life in case poison should be mixed with the food, he naturally exercises a strict vigilance in the kitchen, to prevent any tampering with the dishes. At grand banquets the number of courses sometimes reaches seventy or more, so that the work of the palace taster is not a sinecure. Our engraving is from the Illustrated London News.

recreation, and was therefore entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it had appeared in my dream.

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Even the brunette insists upon having fair treatment.

The train was quickly stopped, and I then informed the engineer and conductor of the danger ahead, while the frightened passengers left the carriages and gathered around me. Many a brave man grew pale when he learned what a fearful death he had so narrowly escaped.

Among the passengers I found my wife, not mangled and lifeless, but alive and well, though somewhat frightened and a good deal surprised at seeing me. The conductor gave me a seat next my wife, and then had the train backed to the station it had just left, from which telegrams were sent to warn all other trains of the danger.

In the morning my wife and I took the stage for home.—Pittsburg Press.

GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR RESENTS DEGRADATION OF SON; RESIGNS.

An open quarrel between Grand Duke Vladimir and the Czar has followed the Czar's summary action in stripping the young Grand Duke Cyril of all his decorations, dismissing him

from the army, confiscating his fortune, and exiling him from Russia. Cyril is Grand Duke Vladimir's son, and he incurred the Czar's anger by marrying the divorced grand duchess of Hesse in defiance of the Czar's wishes and the canons of the Orthodox Greek church. Vladimir has resigned his post as chief of the St. Petersburg military district and as commander in chief of the imperial guard corps. In return the czar has dismissed from public service all of Vladimir's friends.



GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR.

Profanity Allowed For.

If there was anything the late Senator Hoar disliked more than he did another it was profanity.

The story is told how much shocked the venerable Senator would be by the inflammatory interjections of a certain politician with whom he frequently was compelled to confer. But on all such occasions he would refrain from censuring the culprit except in the mildest manner.

One day when the politician came to the Senator's committee room on a subject of considerable importance, Mr. Hoar indicated a seat to him, and remarked:

"Now, Mr. Blank, before we enter upon a discussion of this question, we shall assume that everybody and everything is damned. Then we can talk it over amicably."

Notice to the mice: You will find a fine assortment of hollyhock, muskmelon and watermelon seeds tied in little pieces of paper on top the kitchen cupboard.

Even the brunette insists upon having fair treatment.



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In Maine divorce is almost as easily secured as in South Dakota, and every year the number of applicants for the legal sundering of marriage ties increases. In the year ended June 30, according to the report of Dr. A. G. Young, State register of vital statistics, there were decreed in Maine 940 divorces, or one divorce for every 6.6 marriages solemnized. Over 13 per cent of these divorces were given on the ground of intoxication. From 1895 to 1902 there were 7,087 divorces in the State.

Modest Request.
A gentleman was wondering over what to give a young lady friend, and at last decided it should be a ring, and said to her: "Now, my dear friend, what kind of a ring would you like? It is so very puzzling; there are so many sorts."

Diggs—A woman never laughs at man's jokes because she thinks the funny.

Biggs—Then why does she laugh them?

Diggs—Because she knows what expects her to.

The genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale by all first-class druggists. The full name of the company—**California Fig Syrup Co.**—is always printed on the front of every package. Price Fifty Cents per bottle.

by the use of



Price, 25c. and 50c.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS
KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER

S. F. N. U. No. 47, 1905

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
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CONSUMPTION

TO MANUFACTURERS

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Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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